

SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE OLDEST LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER IN THE UNITED STATES.—FOUNDED AUGUST 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LVI.

ORLANDO BURRITT,
No. 205 BROAD ST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1877.

50¢ a Year, in Advance.
Five Cents a Copy.

No. 41

NOT AT HOME.

BY R. E. ENGLE.

When the pallid shades of Envy,
Haired, blander at the door,
Gather 'neath the sunlight paling,
Chase the phantoms evermore!
When the troubler goes home,
Be the answer—"not at home!"

When the shadows, unsubstantial,
Doubt, with Fear, and black Despair,
Gather round Love's utmost places,
Chase the spectres with a prayer!
When the haunting evils come,
Then for them art, "not at home!"

When Distrust with barbed arrows
Sorely thy bosom would wound;
And upon thy path of duty
Longed frenzies gather round;
Armed of Justice, when they come,
Close the gateway!—"not at home!"

But when Love and Peace are Friends—
Gather at the inner door,
Open wide the sunbright portals,
Welcome angels evermore!
When sweet household Virtues come
Be thy heart and soul—"at home!"

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of "A Woman's Vice," "Wrong from
the Grave," "Husband is Which," etc.

CHAPTER V.—[Continued.]

The man in seeming unconsciousness of the traveler's attention, still leaned over the side of the boat and vigorously plied his oar, giving, as it appeared, but a monosyllabic word of direction to the equally mute steersman on the opposite side. He was clad in a coarse, shaggy coat, and large, loose trowsers. He had on a vest of untanned cow's hide, with the hair, of various colors, bristling below his dark, uncombed whiskers, that grew well nigh to his waist, and almost entirely hid a soiled red silk handkerchief that had been loosely tied about his goitred throat. His face was tanned to unnatural darkness by constant exposure to wind and sun, and long and severe muscular exertion had caused the veins in his brawny half-bare arms and hands to protrude like whip cords.

Presently Castleton Vane came back again in his restless walk. "Did I not see you on the wharf at Aubrey, talking with one Ned Scott, about an hour before we started this morning?" he asked again.

"I don't know whether you did or not," replied the man, gruffly.

"Well, did you talk with any such person?"

"Yes."

"Have you known him long?"

"How long?"

"The devil, man! A year, six months, two years; any time before to-day or yesterday?"

"Yes."

"He was our traveling companion for several weeks."

"Aye!"

"I was surprised to find him tarrying in Aubrey so long," said Castleton, with a pre-occupied air. "He had taken leave of us down the river, affirming that he must hurry on, and yet he has only left Aubrey an hour ahead of us."

"Yes. A man may be delayed—may he not change his mind in various ways, may he not?"

"I know of no law, save those which constitute firmness of character to forbid. I only wanted to ask if he were well known in this section?"

"Possibly so, sir," answered the boatman.

"It has struck me in the last few moments that there was something familiar in his face—something antedating our personal acquaintance that I cannot exactly locate," said Vane, half musingly.

"Did you ever know two people to meet, sir, that one did not remind the other of somebody he had met before?"

"Rarely, I believe," answered Castleton, with a smile. "And yet a suspicion has come into my mind—but no, I will not speak of that. I am growing as whimsical as Ned Scott will tarry in Aubrey; what knowest thou?"

"I do not know—I think not," said the man in some confusion. "Are you anxious to meet him again?"

"By Heaven's no!" replied Castleton unguardedly. "His sinister face haunts me like a nightmare. And yet I should like to meet him once more."

"You may have that pleasure yet, who knows?" said the man, while a flash of light broke for an instant from his dark eyes, though the single scintillation was gone again in a moment.

"My good fellow, you are several centuries behind your time," said young Vane, eyeing him curiously. "Had you been born in the middle ages you would have made an admirable Guy Fawkes!"

"And who may that be, sir?"

"Ah!" said Vane, with a start. "Forgive me. I have fallen into quite a habit of late of thinking aloud. Will you tell me your name, as we have some distance yet to go, and it is unpleasant addressing one simply as 'you'?"

"Which would you prefer? Like some others of my friends I am known by half a dozen—more or less," asked the man composedly.

"Well, we'll take the one under which you are passing at present, on this voyage, for example."

"Tom Sharp."

"Well, Mr. Sharp, your name is hardly appropriate, that is if you are as blunt to others as you seem to me," muttered Castleton, turning away.

"I think you'll have to look rather close at my spruce young dandy, or we'll prove too sharp for you," muttered the fellow, looking after him with a vindictive scowl upon his dark face. "I'll

aw aye there, boys," he cried aloud. "We must make good distance to-night! There is no time to spare," and in obedience to his command the boat moved on over the turbid waters of the Colorado.

When Love and Peace are Friends—

Gather at the inner door,

Open wide the sunbright portals,

Welcome angels evermore!

When sweet household Virtues come

Be thy heart and soul—"at home!"

"Hush, flatterer," said Iola, with a faint smile, glancing strangely enough again to where Tom Sharp sat like a great statue in his seat. "I have often thought all day long that you must rue your undertaking; how much more bitterly you may still be destined to rue it. Ah! if anything should happen, I could never, never forgive myself, though I lived to the age of Methuselah."

"I pray you spare yourself all anxiety on my account; at least," said Castleton, pressing

so mad as to unite your fortunes with mine. Rather think Heaven that with a joint of some more day your charge of me will end. You cannot be too far separated from me for your own good."

She had spoken in a low, half-frightened tone, yet with earnest, passionate persuasion in her voice, as though carried on by some pure impulse, in spite of herself, to warn him of some impending danger 'ere it might be forever too late, and when she had ceased the wan whiteness of her face, and the

feet I put a seal upon your lips. I command you to silence and repeat that we must speedily part—and part forever."

"And suppose I refuse to obey your commands unless you assure me that you can never love me?"

"Then let me make that assurance here and now," said Iola in a choking voice. "I cannot—cannot love you."

Even in the moonlight she could see how this assertion moved him, and that he was turning away white with unutterable anguish that it had been uttered. She had withdrawn his entreaties, but she could not endure his sorrow, and her heart went out timidly to his arm with a touch that thrilled him through and through.

"One moment, Castleton," said Iola.

"For one moment he turned his languid eyes upon her."

"What need is there for any further speech?" he asked mournfully. "I shall obey your decree of silence—henceforth I am dumb."

"Not until you hear me," she cried desperately. "I said that I could not love you a while since. Will it be any comfort to you for me to change the phraseology and declare the truth—that I must not?"

"How is that possible?" said Castleton, drawing her to him. "In Heaven's name do not cheat me thus. Let me understand you. You speak as though you were bound to another."

"I am."

"What law under heaven can bind you?"

"A woman is always at liberty to change her mind until she is actually married."

"Then, perhaps, you do not know, but no—no—I dare not tell you," and hastily drawing her hand by main force from his own, she fairly sped past him and through the door of the little cabin, closing it instantaneously behind her, not was she again seen to leave alone at home than with me."

"This must teach mothers and wives a lesson as unflinching as that of the Spartans," said Castleton. "But do you really believe the Indians to be at fault, or is it the lawless and cutthroat whites and Indians here living in the most amiable relations with each other?"

"And so might others who know nothing whatever of the circumstances," answered Castleton. "And yet I can tell you truthfully that when once Hardysville is passed, no man's life is safe along the line."

"And still you have ladies with you?"

"As others may have, perhaps. I could not help myself. They prefer, women like to run every risk to which the man whom they love might be subjected, though in reality they would not be a great deal safer alone at home than with me."

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"And yet I can tell you truthfully that when once Hardysville is passed, no man's life is safe along the line."

"Along the line?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"It was supposed by the Indians, though the whole coast here is infested by a number of outlaws."

"Has no effort been made to suppress them?" asked Vane anxiously.

"None as yet by the Government," replied the man gloomily. "For every affair until the last was involved in so much mystery as to render it next to impossible to arrive at the bottom of it. And on an uncertainty every one is afraid to invoke the investigation of any civil or armed authorities for fear he may lose his own life before he could give full testimony."

"And so it is with the possible?" exclaimed Castleton wonderingly, and still the world at large be kept in such profound ignorance of it. I had imagined the scattered whites and Indians here living in the most amiable relations with each other."

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"Along the line?"

NOT QUITE FORGOTTEN.

BY EMMA SARAH JEFFRIES.

Not quite forgotten, love!
Who could forget
Tears that were bitter sweet,
Kisses that were too fleet,
But linger yet?

Not quite forgotten, love!
Who could forget
Eyes that were made for love,
Tresses that round me wave
A golden net?

Not quite forgotten, love!
Who could forget
All the sweet mystery,
Leathered that died in sighs,
Hopeless regret?

Not quite forgotten, love!
Who could forget
Days in the brighter past,
Shadows that darkness cast,
Old ones that set?

Not quite forgotten, love!
Who could forget
When bright green grasses wave
Over my lone green grave
With dewdrops wet!

LAURIE'S MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

It was St. Mark's Eve, and most of the girls in the parish, with the Vicar and the curate, had been hard at work all day decorating the church for Easter Sunday. Very pretty and picturesque it looked, with the profusion of primroses, anemones, and soft green moss with which pillars and lecterns and fuit were wreathed.

One by one most of the girls vanished after the Vicar and curate—who were both young and unmarried—had left; but up in the chancel a little party of workers still lingered. Max Ernscliffe, the doctor, perched high up on a ladder, was hanging up the wreaths. Lisette, Lyle's white fingers, handed to him. Marvelously white and slim the girl's fingers looked among the shining green leaves, and Ernscliffe's eyes rested admiringly upon them, and upon his face, upturned as he bent down for some more ivy.

Little Laurie Eastwood, from her dark seclusion the chancel arch, almost hated her cousin for her stately beauty and gracefulness.

"I was handing him the bough at Christmas," Laurie thought bitterly, "as a great tear fell on the cross of primroses and prickly white thorn which lay on her knee. She had taken off her gloves, though the sharp thorns scratched and tore her little hands, with some vague notion of doing penance for her evil thoughts; but Laurie was a devout little Ritualist; and believed implicitly in fasts and penances, and the memory of the day before still lingered in her heart.

"And it's not her fault after all," Laurie acknowledged to herself presently. "She is so pretty and charming—and he is only a man after all."

She worked away at her cross bravely, while the two in the chancel went on with their careless talk and subdued laughter, all unconscious of the battle that was being fought and won under the gray old arch. Laurie could look up and smile brightly when Doctor Ernscliffe, twisting himself round, and looking down from his perious position, exclaimed, gaily—

"How quiet the child is! Laurie, why don't you talk? What are you dreaming about?"

"I didn't think there was any need for me to talk," she said, "when you two were making such a noise." Lisette, my cross is finished. Do you want it?"

"Beautiful!" Lisette pronounced, admiringly. "What a clever little thing you are, Laurie! But your hands are bleeding. Why, you silly child, you have been working without gloves!"

"Let me see!" Doctor Ernscliffe cried, coming down from the ladder, and taking both the unwilling little hands in his: "Why, they are all wounds and bruises! Shall I cure them, Laurie, as I used to do when you were a child—kiss them, and make them well again?"

Laurie drew them away impatiently. "He would not talk like that to her," she thought, as Lisette moved slowly down the church, and stood by the lectern, looking, in her long gray dress, with her pure, pale face and golden hair, like a saint in his new-painted window.

"Isn't she pretty, Laurie?" Max Ernscliffe whispered, looking at Lisette; and Laurie blushed, though with a great pang at her heart.

"Yes, lovely. She only wants a palm-branch in her hand, and a glory round her head, to look just like an angel."

All the light seemed to leave the church, and gather round the graceful figure in the aisle. To Laurie, in her fanciful way, it seemed like a foreshadowing of their future lives—the flowers and the brightness and the sunshine for Lisette, the silence and the gloom and the subdued chancel light for her.

"What a lovely color primrose is!" said Lisette, breaking the silence with her soft voice. "And so fashionable this season too! How I wish I could wear it! Laurie, if I were you, I should have a wreath of primroses in my summer bonnet."

Doctor Ernscliffe looked so comically disgusted that Laurie began to laugh, and Lisette looked up wonderingly.

"What is the matter? What are you laughing at?" she inquired, looking from one to the other in surprise.

"Only at the absurdity of supposing any color could be unbecoming to Miss Lyle," said the Doctor, with a polite little bow. "Laurie," he added, turning to the other young lady, "it is getting late; shall we go? The ghosts will be coming out soon."

"Ghosts? Delightful!" cried Lisette. "If we had to wait till very late—till twelve o'clock—would there be any chance of seeing one? Oh, how I should like to be able to say I had really seen a ghost!"

"Every chance, I should think," Ernscliffe answered gravely. "This is St. Mark's Eve, you know. Ah, forgot—you benighted south-country people are not up in our local traditions. You must know that once a year, on the Eve of St. Mark, the spirits of all the people in the parish who are dead to die during the current year walk in a ghostly procession round the church."

"How absurd!" Lisette laughed. "Laurie, you look as if you believed in it."

"So she does!" Doctor Ernscliffe affirmed. "Laurie believes in everything of that kind. She has a horseshoe nailed over the door, to keep out the witches, and—

"Don't be so silly!" Laurie interrupted. "But I do believe in St. Mark's Eve. Why, you know," she went on, turning reproachfully to the Doctor, "old Liston said he saw papa go into the church months before he died, and poor Lizzie Walker, and several others—oh, I can't help believing in it!"

"He was an old idiot," the Doctor observed, contemptuously. "It was a lucky thing for the parish when he went to join his friends the ghosts. He frightened two or three persons into their graves, I know."

"Do you think he saw himself?" Laurie

said, in a low tone, her eyes growing large and wised. "How dreadful! Fancy standing in the porch and seeing yourself go up the aisle."

"Laurie, I should like to shake you," the Doctor cried. "You never used to be so superstitious. Do you remember being locked in the church once when you were a little bit of a girl?" Why, you would be frightened out of your wits if such a thing were to happen now."

"I remember," Laurie said, shyly. Something in the Doctor's eyes brought back the memory of that night when he had found her in the church, and carried her home in his arms to her mother.

"I was very glad to see you all the same, and I don't think I should be any more frightened now. One can believe a thing without being afraid of it. Lisette, suppose we come down to-night and watch in the porch?" I have the key of the church door."

"I should like it above all things," Lisette replied, "and—"

"All, beg you don't do anything of the sort," Ernscliffe interrupted; "Laurie would be fancying all sorts of horrors and infecting you with her fears—though I shouldn't say you were very nervous," he went on, looking admiringly down to the stately figure and composed calm face.

"Nervous? No, I never was nervous," Lisette said.

They had left the churchyard and were walking slowly across the green, when the Doctor paused and looked at his watch.

"I must say good-bye now," he said; "I have a call to make before dinner. Suppose I shall see you both at Mrs. Liston's to-night?"

"You will see me," Lisette replied; "Laurie is not going."

"Not going?" questioned Doctor Ernscliffe quickly. "Why not, Laurie?"

Laurie colored and hesitated.

"I don't want to go to-night," she said, softly—"it is Passion-week."

If Laurie had only seen the loving, admiring look in the Doctor's eyes, surely all her doubts would have been set at rest. Lisette blushed and laughed as he met her amused glance.

"What is the matter, Miss Lyle? Why do you look so amused?" he asked. "Well, good-bye—keep one or two dances for me."

Laurie looked after him as he walked quickly away, a tall man in a loose, gray coat, with his hat on the back of his head. Nineteen years before—nearly the full term of her lifetime—he had come to Eastington, first as assistant, afterwards as partner and successor to her father, and since then had been everything to Laurie—brother, playmate, hero, friend—all in one, and lately, though Laurie would not acknowledge it even to herself, something nearer and dearer still. What a change would come over her life if he were to marry, or leave Eastington!

"And of course he will marry some day," Laurie, remembering his admiring looks at Lisette, thought to herself.

Lisette looked curiously at her cousin's preoccupied face, but laughed and talked about the decorations and the curate, and the "dead set" little Jessie Haine was making at the Vicar, kindly paying no heed to Laurie's silence and abstracted answer.

"People in love are very foolish and a great nuisance," Lisette thought, with a certain calm pity that would have amused the Doctor immensely.

"I am shan't go to bed till you come in," Laurie said, as she stood before the glass partitioning the flowers from her cousin's hair. "You won't be very late, I suppose."

"Oh, dear, if anything should appear," she muttered to herself, "I think I should go out of my senses! How foolish I was to come!"

Opening the door with the key entrusted to her by the Vicar, she looked timidly up the aisle, where the moonlight gleamed oddly on the flowers and evergreens, and fell somewhat reassured at the peaceful silence around. The clock struck the hour with unusual distinctness and long intervals between each stroke, and Laurie crept into a corner of the porch and waited, her heart beating loudly with excitement and nervous dread.

What was that—who was that—coming softly down the churchyard with quick, gliding steps? The figure of a young girl dressed in a long grey cloak, with the hood drawn closely over her head!

Laurie's heart seemed to die within her. She stood leaning against the wall, shivering from head to foot, longing and frantically dreading to see the concealed face. The moon was passing behind a cloud, but just as the terrible figure reached the porch, it shone out vividly on the bent head and clasped hands, and Laurie seemed to be looking at the portrait of herself—older and wiser, pale and worn, and with a strange look of disdain in the dark eyes, yet so like herself.

"And shall look like that when I am dead?" Laurie said to herself, shrinking away as the terrible figure passed into the church through the open door. And then all at once a great terror, a frantic longing to get away from that terrible place and be near something human, came over her.

Forgetting to lock the door, she rushed blindly up the churchyard and along the village street. There were hurrying footsteps behind her, and presently a firm hand was laid on her arm.

"Laurie, what on earth is the matter?" Lisette said, reprovingly.

"Laurie, don't be a little heathen," Lisette said, reprovingly. "I shall tell Doctor Ernscliffe, and he will give you such a lecture."

"He won't mind," Laurie returned, smiling and blushing prettily. "He does all sorts of things on Sunday himself. What a lot of friends you will see to-night, and find everybody just the same," Lisette said.

"Laurie, what has become of Agnes King?" Her's is the only face I miss."

"I don't know," Laurie replied, gravely. "She is either dead—or worse. She never comes home, and the old people never mention her."

"What a pity! I thought there must be something wrong," Lisette said, meditatively, fastening a flower closer to her head. "I asked Mrs. Malcolm the other day, when Doctor Ernscliffe was there, and she told me not such a coward as you thought, and so I went to the church and watched in the porch—and I saw myself!"

"My poor child," Ernscliffe said, with a great bitterness and self-reproach in his voice. "I never thought you noticed my stupid words. Don't you know I think you are the bravest little woman in the world, just as you are the dearest and sweetest?"

He knelt down by her chair as he spoke, and drew the shining brown head on his shoulder, while even in the midst of her terror Laurie smiled at his loving voice.

"Nice than Lisette?" she whispered. "I thought you liked her best."

"Ten thousand times nicer than Lisette!" cried the Doctor. "Why, Laurie, you promised ten years ago to be my little wife when you were old enough. You won't turn me off now, darling, when I have waited so patiently!" he went on, tenderly; and Laurie drew closer to him, and whispered something in his ear which made the Doctor look handsome for once in his new-found happiness.

"Cinderella and the Princess," she said, with a laugh that had more of sorrow than mirth in it as she adjusted Lisette's dress carefully.

"Hated? You won't be good, darling?" he said. "But all Laurie's nervousness returned at the idea of being left alone."

"Oh, no, let me wait till Lisette comes!" she cried. "I dare not go alone!" And then the shuddering terror reasserted itself, till Ernscliffe was almost in despair.

"Laurie, control yourself at once!" he said, very sternly. "I shall go if you persist in exciting yourself!" and then, as the girl looked up in reproachful wonder at his altered tone, all his assumed severity died away. "There, I won't scold you any more," he promised, gaily; "and you shall tell me all about it to-morrow. Listen—there is Lisette coming."

Lisette came in, bright and excited, with her tumbled dress and faded flowers.

"It has been such a party," Laurie said, joyously; "and, Doctor Ernscliffe, I saved two dances for you, but you never came after all. Why, Laurie dear, what is the matter?" she asked, anxiously.

"Don't be so silly!" Laurie interrupted.

"But I do believe in St. Mark's Eve. Why, you know," she went on, turning reproachfully to the Doctor, "old Liston said he saw papa go into the church months before he died, and poor Lizzie Walker, and several others—oh, I can't help believing in it!"

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"I remember," Laurie said, shyly. Something in the Doctor's eyes brought back the memory of that night when he had found her in the church, and carried her home in his arms to her mother.

"How smart you are, Laurie!" her mother said, smiling; and Laurie responded, merrily—

"Am I not?" Lisette dressed me up. Mamma dear," she added, "it is time you were in bed. The Doctor said you were to retire early."

She took Mrs. Eastwood's arrowroot upstairs, and tucked her up comfortably in bed, before settling herself for a quiet evening alone. Somehow, though the fire burned brightly, and the dining-room was very cozy and warm, Laurie felt strangely depressed and dull. Doctor Ernscliffe's chair, standing empty by the fire, had such a factors, expectant look that Laurie jumped up and pushed it back into the corner.

"You silly old thing, he is not coming to-night!" she said, pettishly. "Only half-past nine! What a long night this will be!"

"I have quite forgotten, love!" Lisette interrupted; "Laurie would be fancying all sorts of horrors and infecting you with her fears—though I shouldn't say you were very nervous," she went on, looking admiringly down to the stately figure and composed calm face.

"Nervous? No, I never was nervous," Lisette said.

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"I don't want to go to-night," she said, softly—"it is Passion-week."

If Laurie had only seen the loving, admiring look in the Doctor's eyes, surely all her doubts would have been set at rest. Lisette blushed and laughed as he met her amused glance.

"What is the matter, Miss Lyle? Why do you look so amused?" he asked. "Well, good-bye—keep one or two dances for me."

Laurie looked after him as he walked quickly away, a tall man in a loose, gray coat, with his hat on the back of his head.

Nineteen years before—nearly the full term of her lifetime—he had come to Eastington, first as assistant, afterwards as partner and successor to her father, and since then had been everything to Laurie—brother, playmate, hero, friend—all in one, and lately, though Laurie would not acknowledge it even to herself, something nearer and dearer still. What a change would come over her life if he were to marry, or leave Eastington!

"And of course he will marry some day," Laurie said to herself.

Lisette looked curiously at her cousin's preoccupied face, but laughed and talked about the decorations and the curate, and the "dead set" little Jessie Haine was making at the Vicar, kindly paying no heed to Laurie's silence and abstracted answer.

"People in love are very foolish and a great nuisance," Lisette thought, with a certain calm pity that would have amused the Doctor immensely.

"I am shan't go to bed till you come in," Laurie said, as she stood before the glass partitioning the flowers from her cousin's hair. "You won't be very late, I suppose."

"Oh, dear, if

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

May 5, 1877.



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ANOTHER NEW ROMANCE.

A Fascinating Spiritualistic Serial

NEXT WEEK.

We shall commence in the next number of the Post the publication of a new serial written expressly for our columns by Charles Leon Gumpert, of this city, called

ELAMA,

THE TWIN SOUL.

This romance treats in a remarkably absorbing manner of that modern wonder, Spiritualism, and has one of the most deftly-woven and fascinating plots that we have ever seen in a work of fiction. We must congratulate the author on having chosen a field of narrative not occupied since Poe. The French writer, Flannaire, who has taken Poe's suggestions and woven them into fantastic and absorbing stories of other worlds, might have written "Elama." This fiction has a rich exuberance of ideas and situations, and its dramatic effect is heightened by an almost endless succession of thrilling episodes, in which the reader's attention is insensibly drawn from one wonder to another. The story grows breathlessly absorbing, as it proceeds. The character of the heroine develops itself, and the dark horror of some of the surroundings makes the picture of bright spirit life more intense and poetic. We can safely promise our readers a rich literary treat in "Elama."

THE QUALITIES OF A NOVEL

The chief value of a novel is the interest it awakens in the reader as a mere narrative of exciting circumstances. Plot has more to do with the success of a work of fiction than is commonly supposed. We read a story not as we read a volume of history or travel, but as we look at a picture, for its aesthetic effect upon us—its power of beauty. A newspaper account of a circumstance is interesting chiefly as it suggests to the imaginative mind this aesthetic quality, which in the novel is thoroughly expressed, and which is indeed the charm of the book. Authors who lack this power fail as fiction writers—become sermonizers, or dry narrators of bare facts, or historians of biographers. A novelist must be a poet. Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" gives a better picture of the times of Anne than all the histories of England put together.

Yet, after all, we read a story for its effect, its excitement and its sensation. All popular books have been of this kind. The people take hold of them and will not let them go, because they are so absorbing. Nothing detracts so from a pure story as a prolix digression, a long description of character or attire. These things ought only to be suggested by touches and broad effects.

The field for the novelist, instead of narrating, as is supposed, is even more capacious than ever. The great writer of the future will leave the beaten and dismal tracts of fiction, and delight his readers in the "pastures new" of science and art, in the wondrous appliances of mechanical art and the discoveries in chemistry and astronomy and the kindred sciences.

Edgar A. Poe, who is unfortunately too little known, had he lived, would have been America's greatest fiction writer. His vivid power, his analysis, the fascination of his style and themes, rendered him a far greater and profounder writer than Hawthorne or any of his successors; and Edgar A. Poe would have united in a work of romance all that which has been attained by Daniel, Murger, and other French writers, (who took their ideas from Poe), and even

more—he would have gone into the fields of enchanting fiction in which he was facile princeps, and the novelist of the future will have to follow in his footsteps and wear his mantle.

ANNIHILATING FIRE.

Every now and then, when some great conflagration starts in the public mind, individuals will start up, especially in large cities, with some new-fangled apparatus for extinguishing fire, which they will loudly protest will do the work far better than the system in vogue. The bulk of these inventions have a foundation in science, and are, no doubt, the result of patient and conscientious thought, but, in almost every instance so far, whilst all have proved moderately successful in a limited field, all have lamentably failed when put to work on a large scale. The latest experiment was made in this city some days ago, but, as usual, it turned out but a partial success. We think it is about time that people everywhere had abandoned the vain idea of trying to discover a better or more reliable fire annihilator than water, applied to the burning edifice by a well-regulated and well-manned fire department. Experience has abundantly shown that, under all ordinary circumstances, such a department is thoroughly effective, and can be depended upon. Patent fire extinguishers and the like may do to keep a conflagration in check until the steamers arrive, but it is useless to expect more of them.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

All citizens of the United States, and especially of this Commonwealth, should need no second call to induce them to respond to the appeal of the Directors of the Permanent International Exhibition Company, which appears in another column of the Post, this week. This appeal is especially directed to those who hold stock in the Centennial Exposition of last year, and who, by virtue of the recent extraordinary decision of the United States Supreme Court, can count on but a microscopic recompence for their patriotic investment. The Directors of the Permanent Exhibition propose to issue sixteen tickets of admission for every share of Centennial stock transferred to them, in which actual value will be much greater than the largest cash amount that any Centennial shareholder can hope to receive. Besides, the transfer will materially aid the Permanent Exhibition, and this consideration alone should be sufficient for determining the Exposition stockholders what course they ought to pursue in the matter.

We believe firmly in advertising, and hence find it difficult to conceive what reason Anna Dickinson has for desiring to put a stop to Helen Potter's imitation of her acting in "A Crown of Thorns." All other actors and actresses strive to find imitators, and are never so happy as when they succeed in so doing, as they rightly consider that every time an audience is reminded of their existence they receive just so much additional reputation. Miss Dickinson, however, seems to have another view of the matter, and to desire no other popularity than that she can achieve for herself. If we were in Miss Dickinson's place, we should only be too glad to let Miss Potter advertise us as much as she wanted to.

There is a strong resemblance between the Irish and the French, and this resemblance is especially marked among the lower orders of the two nations. Not only in general looks alone does this similarity exist, but also in temper, taste and a thousand and one little personal peculiarities. This state of things may at first strike an observer as odd, but a little reflection will serve to show that it is nowise strange, as both the Irish and the French are of Celtic extraction, and both have preserved in a remarkable degree the original marks of the mother race.

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BROWNSH.

The basking light-house beam pale before
The reddish harvest moon's intense ray,
That hushes, and changes into sparkling sea,
Its stones of granite gray.

The pier-lights, imaged on the water, make
To silver pillars, such as vision show
Of palaces whereof fabled Caliph dwelt
In legends long ago.

Bound the tall bridge the granite rippled base,
Through the still night its ear-stroke echo
Fringes with electric light, the outline sharply
Black?

Heaven on the harbor bar.

What strange freight flies it? Tender heavy
All
Covers some form of blurr'd and shapeless
dread!

Rude is the pull, but fitted well to vest!
The ocean's outmost dead.

His name, his story? Vain it were to guess,
But short to sum a wail, a mystery,
Death's mocking glow upon life's loveliness,
A secret of the sea.

WOMAN AND ARTISTE;

OR,

Adelaide Ristori and the Marquis del Grillo.

Translated from the German.

BY E. J. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE SACRIFICE OF ART.

The Apollo Theatre in Venice was thronged with the art-loving world of the city of Lagunes to witness the appearance of a new theatrical star of the first magnitude.

Adelaide Ristori, the only tragic actress, who, subsequently, was regarded as an equal of Rachel, and in Giacometti's drama of "Pia de Tolomei," and by the natural truth and passion style of her acting, excited the audience to the loudest applause. Wreathes of flowers, and of laurel, were showered on the stage, and after almost every scene was the triumphant actress called.

Born in humble life, Adelaide had very early to battle for existence. Poverty stood at her cradle, and Care swept as a dark cloud through the heaven of her childhood.

With iron energy she had opened her way to the theatre. She knew that she had mining talent, and she determined to spare no effort to make it available. She had begun to play when quite young at the small theatres, in minor pieces, and gradually rose to higher parts until she finally became the leading actress at the chief theatres of Italy. Her rare beauty was an important aid to her success. The classic purity and regularity of her features, her fine Greek profile, her dark glowing eyes, and the symmetry and graceful proportions of her person prepossessed all hearts in her favor. She had, besides, a beautiful, clear and well-modulated voice. It was no wonder, with all these attractions, that Mademoiselle Ristori soon became the ruling planet in the theatrical firmament.

In one young, elegantly-dressed gentleman, who jealously watched every movement of the artiste. Every time, when the house shook with the tremendous applause, an expression of anxiety and anger settled on his somewhat aristocratic features, and once, as a particularly significant and tasteful bouquet fell directly before the actress, he involuntarily made a threatening movement. He seemed as if he would leap down among the mass of spectators, and call the tragic actress to account for his jealous hoot.

The last act had begun. Adelaide had to perform in it the part of an insane person. It was her greatest piece of acting. It was known that, to perfect her, she had studied insanity at the risk of her life, in mad houses. The wild enthusiasm of the Italianas, reached its greatest height on this occasion. A perfect tempest of flowers, wreaths, and poetic epithets overwhelmed the actress.

She answered these demonstrations of applause with the most gracious smiles and courtesies.

With an expression of the highest displeasure in his face, the young nobleman drew back in his box.

The curtain fell finally for the last time.

The crowd pressed to the door. The young actress enveloped herself in her silk cloak, and quickly mounted into her carriage, which swiftly bore her to her residence.

He followed her, a silver photograph lamp cast a bright light on the marble table on which a tea kettle was simmering over a spirit flame. Through the open window balsamic perfumes of spring swept into the apartment. The stars glimmered in the dark blue heavens of the night. All around breathed quiet, comfort and peace.

The artiste, yet under the influence of the incense of the worshipped crowd, with the aid of her chambermaid, divested herself of her dress, and then lay down in reverie on the soft divan. A joyous smile played around her lips. With charming grace she prepared the tea, and she had already filled a cup of the aromatic beverage, when the maid came again into the room and announced:

"His Excellency, the Marquis del Grillo!"

Signora Ristori could scarce suppress a movement of impatience.

"Tell him he is welcome, Matilda," she directed, but the gay smile died upon her lips.

"I will go to him only for you, Mariano!"

She slowly and tranquilly responded.

"Here, take my hand on it."

The host gave his hand over her palm.

A stern conflict was painted in her features.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

to my art. It is to me more than all else," she answered in an excited tone.

"Good; I will go, Adelaide!" He proffered her his hand. "But do not think that I will renounce any of my rights. The wife's place is at the side of her husband, in his own house."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You are excited, Giuliano; you reprove me, because I aim at a higher task than to be an excellent housewife. Do not be precipitate, and if you think you cannot forgive the steps I have taken, send me the chains and set me free. Give me up; think no more of me, and pronounce my name no more. As to me, the truth is the truth I promised you—that will remain unchanged. I will never belong to any other than yourself. And mark it, Giuliano, the most loved wife, who is hourly and daily at the side of her husband, cannot love more or be truer than I am."

He stood awhile reflecting, and his countenance lit up. Was it truth, what his wife said?

She went up to him and soothingly took his hand.

"Do not think that my art had no share in my love," she whispered in a gay tone; "I will indeed love you as strongly as in the happy time when, with less hope, you paid your addresses to me. I will always appear to you, and always worthy of your homage, to-day in this character and tomorrow in that. Oh, you men are so changeable! Come, Giuliano. Let me entreat you to help me to attain the object of my ambition—to be the first in art, the highest in love. My talent belongs to the world, my heart to you. If your eyes are yet open, go then, and leave me to pursue my own way. It will never be all dark, so long as there are hearts whom I can fascinate by my talent. For, finally, art is the blazing star whose friendly gleams alleviate us above the pains of unhappy love!"

In a rapturous enthusiasm he prostrated himself at her feet, and seizing her hand, covered it with burning kisses. "I shall follow you, glorious wife!" he exclaimed in joyous excitement. "I shall follow you wherever you go; for I see it clearly that you are a woman whose whole soul is devoted to art, and who will be great in it, and great also in her love."

They fell into each other's arms, and signed a bond of reconciliation. A few days after, Adelaide Ristori traveled to Paris in company with her husband, to perform there her celebrated parts. How she has attached itself to her, how the first cities of the world have honored her, and how, in the French capital itself, she has been recognized as the equal of Rachel herself, is too well known, but less than her rare genius for the stage is known her excellent heart, whose qualities have added to her exalted reputation as a dramatic artist, that of being one of the purest, best and loveliest of women.

Ever since, her husband has been her companion in the theatrical tours she has made throughout the length and breadth of both the Old and New Worlds. He has witnessed her triumphs, and the respectful homage paid to her in the highest circles of society. The glory of her talents has reflected lustre on his own name, and he is justly proud of one who, in her own person, unites the highest artistic genius with the most devoted affection as a wife.

HOUSES BUILT OF PAPER

We sometimes hear of building houses on paper, but building a house of paper is something of a novelty. Yet there is a large manufactory in Wisconsin that keeps three mills constantly running on building paper, having capacity for the making of sixteen tons per day. The business was started by a Yankee, of course, or rather by two of them. As long ago as 1857 the company began the manufacture of paper for building. The idea that paper could be cheaply and advantageously used in the erection of buildings—especially the home of the prairie farmer on the bleak plains of the Northwest—originated with them. They expended money freely in mills, machinery, and advertising, believing that they had discovered the most effective and cheapest method for making a building warm, dry and healthy, and that the paper would meet with public favor and find ready sale. They have now been manufacturing it nine years, and during that time have made and sold more than twelve thousand tons. It has been tested under all circumstances, and has been a decided success. The paper used for building purposes is a thick, hard paste-board, wound in rolls of twenty-five to a hundred pounds each, and usually thirty-two inches wide. While in process of manufacture, it is subjected to a pressure of hundreds of tons, which compresses the fibres together into one solid body, thus making an absolutely airtight sheet, and, as paper is one of the best non-conductors known, it resists the action of both heat and cold; and so a building lined with it is made warm in winter, and cool in summer. It does not shrink like lumber, and is not affected by frost, cold, heat, or dampness, and it is known that it will not burn as readily as wood on account of its hardness and solidity, and by its use a house can be made almost, if not absolutely, tight. It is far better for the retention of warm air in a building than an inch board.

UNCLE WILL attended Bible-class one afternoon. The lesson was the account of the legion of devils who were cast out of the man and entered into the herd of swine. Being asked his opinion of the special lesson taught, he said: "I think it shows that one man can stand more devils in him than a whole herd of swine can."

ELEVATED AND PURE.

When a publication has endured fifty years, and enters upon its second half-century of existence, it is not undue praise to say that it has been most successful. This is precisely what the SATURDAY EVENING POST is doing. Away back in the year of our Lord 1823, our country it started on its victorious course. Since that time it has changed owners, changed editors, changed prices, but never changed its character. It is now, however, the same as it is now; the latter was high—too high—and it has not deteriorated. If we were to point out the distinction between us and the other papers, we should say that we have contributed much to its success we should name, first of all, its eschewal of the sensational in its novels and tales. We do not mean that it has entirely given up the "good" and "sensible" articles which should be found nowhere else in the infantile toy-boos—but that its contents are elevated in tone and pure in character. We do not mean to say that it would be so pure literary and versatile in the fields of art and science. This might at first appear like insinuation, but it is not so. The SATURDAY EVENING POST are of a class of people that would, we believe, enjoy the innovation. ORLANDO BENNETT, Publisher, Philadelphia.—Tuesday, Oct., Conn.) Press.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER HEARD FROM.

WEST BROOKFIELD, MASS., April 25, 1877.
Mr. Orlando Bennett,
—I enclose my 2d annual subscription to the POST. The paper is as we send now, and appreciated as fully, as in the years past. Wishing you all success, I am truly yours,
HARRISON HATHAWAY.

THE SWEETEST TIME TO LOVE.

BY CHARLES S. LANNED.

The sweetest time to love is when
The wise-faced violet, in the gloom,
That summer's tired of shimmering.

The sweetest time to love is when,
But 'tis as sweet to be loved when
White Winter drives the birds away,
And stops the jangling breakish play.

There is no time to love then, when,
We cannot find a pleasant day,
Into which our loves may go,
Laughing off the drizzling snow!

A TRAMP;

OR
FORGIVEN.

BY CHARLES MOHL.

There was a knock at the door and she opened it.

A man stood there confronting her—a man in tattered garments, pale with deadliness, unshaven, ragged, wretched.

He stared at her.

She felt an indefinable tremor as she gazed at him: but she knew him not. He said:

I suppose you can let me have a little something to eat, madam—"

She was about to close the door in his face and double-lock it, when something impelled her to answer him kindly.

"I don't know," she said. "I'm alone. My husband has gone to town. I'm afraid I can't."

"Can't?" he ejaculated with a low laugh.

"Can't! Oh! ho—well so it is, then. However, I'm not quite so hungry now, after all, since I've seen you. You've got something of the angel about you, ma'am. I know it. I feel it."

"Step!" she cried, as she saw him withdraw.

He looked around at her in bewildered surprise, and said:

"You don't mean it?"

"I do. Come in. I will give you what I can. I don't know you; but I see you are suffering, and God will aid me in aiding you. There can be no harm!" Come in!"

He hesitated a moment and looked at her with such a searching, pathetic look as utterly unnerfed her. A tear trickled down her beautiful face.

"Thank you," he said, in a low voice, as he entered and removed his hat reverently. "You are an angel, madam."

"You are tired!" she said.

"And hungry?"

"Go!" he cried rising from the table and looking so fierce, so terrible, so inhuman, as to frighten her into crouching nearer the wall. "She drove me to where I am today—a tramp—a beggar!"

Mr. Kewby held up her hand resolutely, and spoke gently but decidedly:

"You must leave this house at once! Do not stop an instant. Come back tomorrow morning when my husband is here. Or leave me your address. Where do you go?"

"Go? ab, ha—from here? Into the depths again. I have no address, angel madam. I don't know where I am going."

"And you are tired?" she said.

"Go? ab, ha—from here? Into the depths again. I have no address, angel madam. I don't know where I am going."

"And hungry?"

"Go!" she cried rising from the table and looking so fierce, so terrible, so inhuman, as to frighten her into crouching nearer the wall. "She drove me to where I am today—a tramp—a beggar!"

She was agitated with a strange fear. She seemed oppressed with a sense of calamity.

"Go!" she exclaimed. "At once!"

He made no reply but moved to the door and passed out muttering. When he got into the road he looked back at her, and saw her still staring after him as one star in the darkness.

Not long after this her husband drove up to the door.

"Arthur!" she cried to him, her face brightening as she kissed him, "look down the road there—there. Do you see that man limping along and looking back?"

"That beggar—yes. What of it?"

"I'll tell you," she answered quickly.

"He is a poor fellow that came here for a mouthful of something to eat. He's a man of brain and heart, too, and has been bettered away. God, I am miserable."

She was agitated with a strange fear. She seemed oppressed with a sense of calamity.

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She passed from the room, and he still stood after her. Then he glanced around the room.

A snug apartment it was. A picture of itself. A bright fire, pictures, flowers, a ticking clock on the mantel, a candle in the corner.

"A baby, eh?" he muttered, looking at the cradle and lifting the small coverlid from the child's face; "a pretty baby and a cosy home. I might have had such a home once. Let it go! I've no business here, though: miserable fool and wretched."

She entered at this moment. Mrs. Alice Kewby, the good angel, entered and brought with her a cup of coffee and a piece of bread and meat. She sat them before the stranger and turned to go.

"Thanks—thanks!" he murmured. His voice was husky. "But stop a moment, please—angel madam, stop!"

She paused and looked at him.

"I didn't eat this. It's too good for me. To tell you the truth, I've no business here. I'm a tramp. I'm used to being hungry, jogging along till I'm lame, and sleeping along roadsides. I—I can't stand it."

"It's too much. I've such a lump in my throat, madam, 'till I was choking. My heart will burst. I must go. You're too good—too good. I mustn't stay."

He rose up suddenly and staggered to the door.

"Help him, angel! He will be here in the morning. Do what you can for him, will you?"

"Anything for your sake, darling; but tell me what does it mean?"

"This," she answered, throwing her arms about his neck. "He was rich, honored, loved once. He was your employer—you were his clerk. He struck you—left you for dead, fifteen years ago."

"What! David Melton?" the man looked aghast.

"David Melton?" the man looked aghast.

"Yes," she answered. "That is he."

"I never loved anybody but you, Arthur. I pity him. Keep your promise!"

"You recognized him then?"

"Not at first. When he told me his story I did. He never knew me. Will you help me?"

"I will, darling. He did me wrong, but I forgive him—as God does—and as God has prospered me, so will I lend a hand to him—secure him a situation, make him happy for my Alice's sake."

And he kissed her and kept his word.

He laughed, a bitter laugh, and took a savage bite of bread.

"But your friends?"

He interrupted. "Went back on me."

"Had you no influence?"

"Plenty. The highest."

"And business?"

"A great deal."

"And you forego all? You were unfortunate there?"

"Very, madam?" he smote the table with his fist. "I just as I was born—a fool—and I deserved the kicking my friends gave me. No master: life's short. There's a cure for everything."

He hardly knew how to reply to him; he seemed so forlorn, so desperate. But she said:

"How came you to deserve such a fate at the hands of your friends? Surely you have been guilty of no crime?"

"No, ah! no! Circumstances ruled me. Men are like the mercury in the thermometer—victims of circumstance and sensitive to temperatures."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, madam, that when the air's hot, the mercury rises. I can't help it. My blood's like mercury. I'm angered in an instant. I struck my best friend."

"How? For what?"

"For letting the woman I loved fall in love with him. That's why! After my mother's death I yearned for somebody to love, and after awhile I did find somebody who shall be nameless, whom I loved to desperation, but this good friend cut me out. I was his employer, too. He was my clerk. We were rivals. I met him one night at her house, in her presence, in the parlor, in the sight of her and a bit of fury I struck him, laid him out before me on the carpet, senseless as death itself. My God! To make matters worse, I discharged from my employ the man I had injured."

He looked up at her, and saw her pale; she was crying.

"She is a good woman, but she was a scoundrel."

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EVERY YEAR.

BY ALBERT FIRE.

The spring has come or brightness,
Every year;
And the snow a glistening whiteness.
Every year;
Nor do we ever quibble;
Nor any man's fruitless blitheness.
As they once did, for we sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart is growing older,
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion gleaming,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Or the loves and sorrows blighted,
Every year;
Of the joys and friendships ended.
Every year;

Or the ties that still might bind me,
Until time has rendered me,
My infirmities retarded me,
Every year.

Oh! how I used to think before me,
Every year.

While the clouds grow darker o'er us;
Every year;

When we are all unconscious faded,
That in time we might have added,
And immortal garments broided,
Every year.

To the past no more dead face,
Every year;

Come no more to their places,
Every year;

Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entice us,
Every year.

You are growing old," they tell us,
Every year;

You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year;

You can win no more affection,
Every year;

You have no more protection,
Every year;

Desert sorrow and desolation,
Every year.

Thank God! no clouds are shifting
Every year;

Over the land to which we're drifting,
Every year;

Nothing can still grieve us,
Every year;

No lasting loves leave us,
Every year;

No death of friends bereave us,
Every year.

—

My First Patient;

OR,

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Six years ago to-day? Impossible! But it is, though, for you are thirty-two to-day, and you were only twenty-four then, John Preston. I never look back to the year following my twenty-sixth birthday without an involuntary prayer that I may never have such another year's trouble and despair to go through.

Six years ago to-day I took a temporary leave of my dear mother, and made my real start in life. As I seated myself in the comfortable first-class carriage—my mother's compartment—"First impressions, my dear boy," she had said, "are everything"—and, with my paper open on my knee, the unending bustle and noise of the modern Babylon behind, my mind dwelt in anticipation on the new life before me, and my news-sheet dropped disregarded.

Would my dear father, had he lived, have approved of this start of mine in life? Should I accomplish, or be nearer accomplishing, my desire to make a name and standing in my profession by its means? What kind of people should I encounter in the course of my professional duties, and would any of the said people condescend to admit the struggling young doctor into the select circle of their intimate acquaintances? These and a thousand and one other conjectures kept my mind fully occupied during the hour and a half's ride between Paddington and my destination, Clokeham, a picturesque and old-world village nestling on the banks of Father Thames some few miles beyond the reach of the first rush of London holiday makers.

Six months before I should have started with nothing but bright hopes on my journey, and without one regret to shadow my future. As it was—well, it could have been called a regret, for this country practice might enable me the sooner to decide for my ultimate happiness or misery, instead of remaining in town taking foreign practice during their occasional holidays, as I had been doing for two or three years. It was with a heavy heart in the last of these undertakings that I had found cause for my present regret at leaving London. My old friend Fred Hughes, who had been fortunate enough to step into his father's practice upon his retirement, called on me one morning, full of his intended trip into North Wales.

"I should be off this day week if I could only get some one to look after my patients just for three weeks—the worse of it is that everybody else is either off or just going off. Do you think you could do it for me, old boy?"

"Certainly," I replied, "if my mother does not mind putting off her visit to Hastings for that time."

"Oh, I couldn't let you do that, you know."

"Nonsense," I said, "we can go afterwards, but unless you go now I know you won't be able to get all your patients are back in town."

"You are a trump!" exclaimed Fred, giving my hand a mighty squeeze. "Let me know for certain to-night."

So it was settled that we were to defer our visit until Fred had returned from his fishing expedition.

My duties as substitute were not very heavy, as a large proportion of Fred's patients were, like him, if, taking their annual holiday. One morning I hurried little to my office, was summoned to me, from his surgery, by Mr. Hughes, immediate attendant at 15, Colville Square, and signed "M. Bertram." Fearing something serious, I started at once, and on my arrival found the household in a state of anxious excitement.

"Mrs. Mason is at home, and has left the children under their governess, Miss Bertram, and the two younger ones are certainly sickening of some fever," the housemaid informed me, upon opening the door.

Miss Bertram, when she heard from my inquiries who I was, came forward to meet me. Shall I draw a word picture? From my own memory it is impossible. It would be composed of sweet hues and harmless graces—the features of a person form, after all, such a very small part of her individuality. But I have a miniature, and that I can describe to you. A sweet, pensive, clear, oval-shaped face looks at you with kind, thoughtful hazel eyes, which often look back from the shade of heavy lashes—but that is not in the miniature—the mouth is gentle and firm—combined—rare combination! Looking at it, you would naturally infer that the owner thereof was a person to be obeyed simply because it was a pleasure to obey her, and this latter fact would in no degree weaken the former; delicate, but perfectly-marked eyebrows completed the face, which, framed in rippling waves of dark, wavy hair, smiles at me whenever I open my eyes to feast my contents. Must I confess my weakness, to have I not already confessed it? Looking back, I know that I loved her then, and then, as I stood talking in the hubbed shad-

ow hall, I did not know then why in her irresponsible position—I did not know why in addressing her I involuntarily dropped my voice in emulation of her own soft tones, or why, in meeting her eyes, mine took an earnest expression, no matter how trivial the subject under discussion.

Each day found me hastening to my various duties like a schoolboy to his play, and, when Mrs. Mason returned at the end of ten days and found her darlings on the road to recovery, thanks to the unrewarded attention of their kind nurse, I awoke to the discovery that I loved deeply and passionately. No passing fancy for a beautiful face was this, but all-enduring love, such as a true man seldom feels but once in his life.

The days slipped by all too quickly until the return of Fred, rollicking and robust from his holiday, when there was no longer the slightest excuse for my daily visits to Colville Square. I heard from him of Mrs. Mason's departure for Utrecht with her family, and I lived on the hope of future meetings on their return. I hastened my mother home from Hastings a week sooner than she wished, greatly to her mystification, that I might not miss one chance of seeing my darling, for I had determined, short as our acquaintance had been, to ask her if she could care for me enough to wait for one year that I might make a home for her, to ask if she would consent to brighten the world for me, and me for the world—to give me an object, an aim in life—to render myself worthy of her. After a week of patient waiting, I ventured to question Fred as to Mrs. Mason's movements, assuming a world-bairn of nonchalance.

"Oh, they are in town again," he said. "But that's pretty governed is not with them?"—with a sidelong glance at "Mrs. Mason said something about family affairs and a runaway match—but that was all I can tell you on that score."

So saying, the Rector's sister, a kind little spinster, who had constituted herself Mrs. Bertram's deputy since the night of her arrival, took up by her arm, and led me, like the child she pretended to think me, into her own little sanctum. She insisted on my drinking a terrific dose of tea, and began chafing my temples and hands vigorously, holding forth all the time on the dreadful inconvenience of my being ill.

John Preston," called a little cracked voice from the other side of the hedge, "what is the matter? Are you going to faint? Don't stand there in that dazed way—come in."

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for some one else," I said, bowing. "She must excuse my mistake—indeed her likeness itself is sufficient excuse, it is marvellous!"

She never blushed, but, with the old smile, held out her hand, saying: "I wish I could claim old acquaintance—it is always so pleasant to meet unexpectedly; but, as it is, I hope we shall soon be good, though not old friends."

"How—words would not come just then—this perfection of acting astonished me so that I became absolutely silent. I took her hand, glad of the few moments' respite, while I fed her pulse."

"She arrived only last night," said Mr. Talbot—"has been traveling, almost without stopping, all the way from the Cape, and I expect she has over-exerted herself. Eh, Mary?"

"Strain on the nervous system," I muttered through my parched lips. "Quieter rest, and tones will do wonders."

Then, rising in a helpless way, I bade her good morning, and groped my way out of the house.

"Oh, Heaven!" I cried, in the anguish of my heart, "why am I thus made the plaything of fate?"

I felt myself receding, as the full misery of my position rushed across my mind, and instinctively caught at the railings of the house I was passing to save myself from falling.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



IN DANGER.

BY UNCLE GIBSON.

Many years ago, when dense forests skirted the Pennsylvania shore of Lake Erie, and extended inland for miles and miles in unbroken majesty, whilst Red Jacket and his friendly Indians, warriors still lingered in the vicinity of the town of Erie, one place and another, a party of three small boys, under the guidance and direction of their father's beloved servant, Jack, set out from the latter town for a day's hunt in the wilds for bee trees and blackberries.

These three boys, whose names were Robert, Edward and Adolph, were all of a daring and venturesome disposition, and the prospect of a trip to the unbroken forests suited them to a turn. Their ages were as follows: Robert, twelve; Edward, nine; and Adolph, or "Little Peekin," as he was endearingly called, only seven. Jack, the colored servant and commander of the expedition, was sixteen, and a bold youth than he never penetrated the woods.

The father of Robert, Edward and Adolph was an honored and brave officer in the United States Navy, and, at the time of which I write, was commander of the Navy Yard at Erie.

The boys set out with stout hearts and high hopes, Jack leading the way, and giving, occasionally, capital and life-like imitations of the orthodox Indian war-whoop.

The day could not have been better suited; it was hot, to be sure, but then the sky was without a cloud, and the forests, into whose tangled precincts they were shortly to plunge, were certain to be moist and cool.

The boys carried their dinners with them in a little basket; they had, besides, other baskets to contain the blackberries they might gather, and Jack wore a great hatchet in his huge leather belt, to mark the beets.

Soon the party dove into the woods, following an Indian trail that led no one knew whither.

The boys were in an ecstasy of delight, everything was so novel and wild to them. Great trees, thick with luxuriant foliage, towered above them in all directions, and the air was loaded with millions of sweet perfumes from countless flowers. Giant vines, too, of almost every species, enclosed the trail on each side, and formed a natural wall, through which it was next to impossible to penetrate, without first clearing the way with axe or rifle.

Robert, Edward and Adolph followed Jack, in Indian file, the sturdy colored lad guiding his companions, from time to time, with confident assurances that he knew they must, before long, come upon blackberry groves and bee-trees by the hundred. At last a comparatively open spot was reached, and the little party paused to rest. Blackberries were indeed abundant there—they hung in great black ropes, on thick-stemmed bushes higher than a man's head, and were temptingly plump and big. An old bee-tree, felled by some unknown hunter, and but partially emptied of its honey, also lay in this open space.

After resting for a few minutes, Jack proposed to the boys that should not fail to gather berries, whilst he searched the immediate neighborhood for bee-trees. This proposition being agreed to, Robert, Edward and Adolph ran at once to the bushes, and Jack crashed off through the tangled vines.

Adolph soon wearied of picking the juicy fruit, or rather of cramming himself with it, for the little head had put but few berries in his basket, whilst he had literally devoured thousands of them, and, plodding fatigued, wended to the fallen bee-tree, and sat down upon its immense trunk.

For a long time now Adolph was quiet, so extremely quiet that the other boys imagined him asleep, and paid no further attention to him, but went on gathering their blackberries, which employment they occasionally diversified by shouting aloud to Jack, who answered them, from time to time, from various parts of the woods.

At last, however, Robert proposed that he and Edward should suddenly spring upon their little brother, from the bushes, and startle him with a regular Indian yell.

No sooner said than done, but Adolph was not a bit taken aback, but Adolph up, and said quietly to his brothers:

"See what a pretty little dog I've got?"

He was still sitting on the trunk of the bee-tree, and he held in his lap a curious and playful small black animal.

Robert and Edward gazed at it in astonishment. They did not know what it was, but of one thing they were certain, and that was that it was not a dog!

What was it?

Just at this moment two more little creatures, the very counterparts of that Adolph held in his lap, ran out into the open space, and began shyly capering about.

In a second, Robert and Edward had captured them.

Jack now made his appearance upon the scene, shouting:

"I've found a fresh bee-tree, boys, and him—hurrah!"

The colored lad's face was aglow with triumph, but it assumed a look of blank dismay the instant his eye rested on the little brutes in his companions' possession.

"They're bears!" he said, in horror.

The boys dropped their pets with the utmost precipitation.

Jack, casting a glance of alarm on each side of him, continued in a cautious tone:

"The old she-bear can't be far from her, we, and it's my opinion, young gentlemen, we had better get away from here!"

At this juncture an ominous growl was heard near by, and crash, crash, went the bushes at that great distance.

"That's her!" whispered Jack, between his teeth.

"Now run for yourselves!"

And away the now thoroughly frightened, young ones scampered, just catching a glimpse of the infuriated she-bear, as she appeared in the open space, and nosed her abandoned cubs again.

The boys fled like the wind.

Suddenly a terrible sound saluted their stricken ears—the bushes were crashing again!

The she-bear was in pursuit!

"Quicker, quicker, boys, or we are lost!" yelled Jack.

They resounded their speed, the faithful colored lad catching up "Little Peekin," and carrying him on his back.

On, on they went, not daring to look behind.

The crashing in the rear continued, and roar and groan, nearer and nearer each moment, proclaimed the awful truth that the dreaded enemy was gaining upon them.

The fight had lasted for nearly an hour,

when the whole party commenced to show signs of giving out.

The she-bear was now not more than ten short yards away.

The boys began to shudder—stout-hearted as they were, they knew there would be no possible chance for them, if once they fell into their adversary's clutches.

They strained every nerve for a final effort, and, oh joy! just ahead of them, the end of the trail, and the strong worm fence, the stood between the woods and civilization, came into view!

"One more brave tug!" panted Robert. "Courage, Edward and Jack! Hold fast, Adolph!"

And, with a wild, unsteady lurch, the boys gained the fence.

Robert and Edward threw themselves desperately over it, and lay motionless on the ground on the other side; and Jack, with his precious burden, had barely clambered to the topmost rail, when the bear thundered against the stout barrier, with a shock that made it rattle again!

The brute did not attempt to scale the fence; she stood for a moment, as if both tired, and then slowly wheeled about and trotted back on the trail.

"Safe, safe, at last!" cried Jack, as from his perch he witnessed this movement.

"Hurr—hurr!" screamed "Little Peekin." "Three cheers for the boys—three cheers for the bear!"

As soon as the party recovered their wind they hurried home and told the story of their adventure, not forgetting to embellish the narrative, as much as possible, with wild and wondrous imagination.

Next day, a large body of men from Erie, turned out, and searched the woods for the bear. The creature was easily found and, having been killed, and her family of cubs fed, by common consent, to Robert, Edward and "Little Peekin."

As for Jack, he was awarded the skin of the she-bear, and he had a tremendous overcoat made out of it, which kept him warm for many succeeding winters.

Shortly afterwards, when the boys returned to the woods to chop down and clean out the bee-tree, Jack had discovered and marked on the eventful day of the adventure with the bear, "Little Peekin" said, "So much the better," laughed Jack.

And the boys fell merrily to work on the bee-tree, which, by that time, had cut down and split open.

A PRETTY LITTLE ROMANCE.

Ten years ago a handsome young man passed through Monticello, Ky., and was noticed by a young girl sitting at the window of the most aristocratic house of the town. She fell in love with him at first sight. She had wealth, culture, and beauty. He was poor, and was then on his way to seek fortune as a catcher of bears. After many ups and downs, he found himself the owner of a small farm in New Mexico. The girl bloomed into a rarely beautiful woman, with literary ability, and became a contributor to the *Apostolic Times*. She learned who the unconscious object of her fancy was, and they corresponded through out the ten years. She never wrote word of her personal attractions or family, nor did he speak of his good fortune. A few weeks ago he wrote her promising marriage, and soon followed his letter to her Kentucky home, where he saw her for the first time. Recently they were married, and Miss Anna Berry, that was, learned on reaching Silver City, that her husband, R. H. Metcalf, was the greatest capitalist in New Mexico.

He is rich who saves a penny a year, and he is poor who runs behind a penny a year.

PALATABLE MEDICINES.—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a honeyed drop of relief; his Castor Oil a glide sugar-shad of the palate; his Honey a drop of the purest honey; his Sarsaparilla a drop of the purest sarsaparilla.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days may be easily prevented by the use of H. C. C. Co. Ointment, which has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth.

He is rich who saves a penny a year, and he is poor who runs behind a penny a year.

For a long time now Adolph followed Jack, in Indian file, the sturdy colored lad guiding his companions, from time to time, with confident assurances that he knew they must, before long, come upon blackberry groves and bee-trees by the hundred. At last a comparatively open spot was reached, and the little party paused to rest. Blackberries were indeed abundant there—they hung in great black ropes, on thick-stemmed bushes higher than a man's head, and were temptingly plump and big. An old bee-tree, felled by some unknown hunter, and but partially emptied of its honey, also lay in this open space.

After resting for a few minutes, Jack proposed to the boys that should not fail to gather berries, whilst he searched the immediate neighborhood for bee-trees. This proposition being agreed to, Robert, Edward and Adolph ran at once to the bushes, and Jack crashed off through the tangled vines.

Adolph soon wearied of picking the juicy fruit, or rather of cramming himself with it, for the little head had put but few berries in his basket, whilst he had literally devoured thousands of them, and, plodding fatigued, wended to the fallen bee-tree, and sat down upon its immense trunk.

For a long time now Adolph was quiet, so extremely quiet that the other boys imagined him asleep, and paid no further attention to him, but went on gathering their blackberries, which employment they occasionally diversified by shouting aloud to Jack, who answered them, from time to time, from various parts of the woods.

At last, however, Robert proposed that he and Edward should suddenly spring upon their little brother, from the bushes, and startle him with a regular Indian yell.

No sooner said than done, but Adolph was not a bit taken aback, but Adolph up, and said quietly to his brothers:

"See what a pretty little dog I've got?"

He was still sitting on the trunk of the bee-tree, and he held in his lap a curious and playful small black animal.

Robert and Edward gazed at it in astonishment. They did not know what it was, but of one thing they were certain, and that was that it was not a dog!

What was it?

Just at this moment two more little creatures, the very counterparts of that Adolph held in his lap, ran out into the open space, and began shyly capering about.

In a second, Robert and Edward had captured them.

Jack now made his appearance upon the scene, shouting:

"I've found a fresh bee-tree, boys, and him—hurrah!"

The colored lad's face was aglow with triumph, but it assumed a look of blank dismay the instant his eye rested on the little brutes in his companions' possession.

"They're bears!" he said, in horror.

The boys dropped their pets with the utmost precipitation.

Jack, casting a glance of alarm on each side of him, continued in a cautious tone:

"The old she-bear can't be far from her, we, and it's my opinion, young gentlemen, we had better get away from here!"

At this juncture an ominous growl was heard near by, and crash, crash, went the bushes at that great distance.

"That's her!" whispered Jack, between his teeth.

"Now run for yourselves!"

And away the now thoroughly frightened, young ones scampered, just catching a glimpse of the infuriated she-bear, as she appeared in the open space, and nosed her abandoned cubs again.

The boys fled like the wind.

Suddenly a terrible sound saluted their stricken ears—the bushes were crashing again!

The she-bear was in pursuit!

"Quicker, quicker, boys, or we are lost!" yelled Jack.

They resounded their speed, the faithful colored lad catching up "Little Peekin," and carrying him on his back.

On, on they went, not daring to look behind.

The crashing in the rear continued, and roar and groan, nearer and nearer each moment, proclaimed the awful truth that the dreaded enemy was gaining upon them.

The fight had lasted for nearly an hour,

when the whole party commenced to show signs of giving out.

The she-bear was now not more than ten short yards away.

The boys began to shudder—stout-hearted as they were, they knew there would be no possible chance for them, if once they fell into their adversary's clutches.

They strained every nerve for a final effort, and, oh joy! just ahead of them, the end of the trail, and the strong worm fence, the stood between the woods and civilization, came into view!

"One more brave tug!" panted Robert. "Courage, Edward and Jack! Hold fast, Adolph!"

And, with a wild, unsteady lurch, the boys gained the fence.

Robert and Edward threw themselves desperately over it, and lay motionless on the ground on the other side; and Jack, with his precious burden, had barely clambered to the topmost rail, when the bear thundered against the stout barrier, with a shock that made it rattle again!

The brute did not attempt to scale the fence; she stood for a moment, as if both tired, and then slowly wheeled about and trotted back on the trail.

"Safe, safe, at last!" cried Jack, as from his perch he witnessed this movement.

"Hurr—hurr!" screamed "Little Peekin." "Three cheers for the boys—three cheers for the bear!"

As soon as the party recovered their wind they hurried home and told the story of their adventure, not forgetting to embellish the narrative, as much as possible, with wild and wondrous imagination.

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